

# The Bee.

Thursday Dec. 13th, 1877.  
Office in Sanford & Hawley's Store.

## THE LIBRARY.

Owing to our going to press a little earlier than usual, we were not able to give the results of the meeting held Tuesday night for the election of officers. In our next issue we are in hope to give the full particulars.

## PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Methodist Church Society intend to have a Christmas tree prepared for the Sunday school children.

Trinity church will be decorated, and a meeting was held last night, at the residence of Dr. Marble, to perfect plans for a Christmas tree.

St. John's Church Society, of Sandy Hook, will also make the usual display for Christmas, and will doubtless have something for the little folks.

## TRAMPS.

For several weeks past a very large number of tramps have visited Newtown and their advent excites considerable comment, and the oft-repeated question that has been asked before, "What can be done to abate the nuisance?" is again asked, but the answer still lingers in the lap of the future. Our citizens are bored to death with raps upon their doors, and when they are answered they find a man begging bread, who looks as if something to eat would be a superfluity, and that the request was made to keep up the profession. It would seem that the law in reference to this class of persons amounts to nothing. They roam at will, and ninety-nine out of every one hundred will not do a single hand's turn to pay for either their food or lodging. No one wishes to take the trouble of compelling a man to work for what food they eat, while others are tender-hearted, and cannot impose any condition. The consequence is that the tramp goes through the State, and lives with freedom upon whoever he wishes. It really seems as if our town authorities could settle this tramp question, in a measure, by instituting a system of labor, requiring these traveling gentry to work upon the road, if they are led and lodged at town expense. The town has to pay for the repairing of roads, and the people are taxed also to help pay for feeding and lodging of tramps, besides suffering the annoyance from daily calls for food. If they give food they escape abuse; if they refuse, they are sure to be insulted.

## AN ACCIDENT.

Sunday evening, Dec. 2d, Mr. John Troy, of Sandy Hook, was injured quite seriously by being thrown out of a buggy, in which he was riding. Mr. Troy, in company with two other gentlemen, were going over Walnut Tree Hill, and the horse shied suddenly to one side of the road, and pitched Mr. Troy out. He struck the hard, frozen ground, and received a deep cut on the head, besides bruising his face. Dr. Wile dressed the wounds.

## A BAD PRACTICE.

Last Sunday night some persons, full of mischief, dragged the carriage platform from the door of the Congregational church to the liberty pole, opposite. They also drew up to the same place a wagon, belonging to Mr. P. H. Skidmore, and placed it near the steps, at the pole. The sign belonging to Mr. Rhineland, the barber, was torn down, and tied to the hayracks, and was so found, Monday morning.

This sport may end in the arrest and punishment of some one. The residents of the street will have some one employed to see who hangs around the streets, taking off gates and damaging property, and should they catch the guilty parties there will be music. That game is good enough for the getters up, but when the owners begin to take a hand in it, it will be played with the laugh on the other side of the mouth.

## THE H. R.

The Derby Transcript, of last week, pays Supt. Brown a very high compliment, which we take pleasure in transferring to these columns. There is no denying the fact that the road is now under most excellent management, and that the improvements of the past Summer, show that it is the determination of this officer to make it equal to any in the State.

"The Housatonic road has had a decided addition to its energy and enterprise by accession of Mr. N. M. Brown among its active managers—assistant superintendent nominally, superintendent really, its former worthy superintendent, Mr. Franklin, having died last Spring. Mr. Brown has put new blood into the road, and while he is a quiet man, the blood and the road are not."

## A CARD.

Owing to the crowded condition of our little store, and the rush of customers for a few days previous to Christmas, last season, many of our friends experienced great inconvenience in making their selections, and to avoid the same trouble this season we are prepared to make an early exhibition of our HOLIDAY STOCK, (which is very complete and at extremely low prices) and shall be happy at any time to wait upon all who may favor us with a call.

Respectfully, &c.,  
H. M. ROBINSON,  
Jeweler, Stationer and Picture Dealer.

Nice Oysters, in the shell, constantly on hand, at Sanford & Hawley's.

## THE TRAMP OF TO-DAY.

The good old-time "shack," whose entrance on familiar ground was heralded by the scampering homeward of small children, followed by the slam of door, and creak of key or bolt, has almost entirely disappeared from our thoroughfares, crowded out of his accustomed walks in life by the stylish and modernized, yet inglorious "trampy."

The old, ill-favored "shack," with his fluttering rags, unshod feet and demoralized hut, was an undisturbable object of pity, yet with an over-present blessing in his remarkably well-ordered appetite, which held good through all the changes of the elements, through every variety of well and ill-cooked food as well as the irregular lunches, and meat-and-all-hours regimen to which his unsurpassed digestive powers were subjected.

The tendency of the beggar of the past was rather to advance civilization, though in ways somewhat peculiar. The young, whom the living example frightened, were taught the paths of vagrancy should be carefully shunned; why and retiring ways were thus cultivated, while fear and pity—emotions of which we are assured the savage breast is incapable—were early awakened in the childish heart.

The improved tramp is an example of inhuman improvement of which we cannot proudly boast. To day our streets are lined with fitting companies of what we might mistake for groups of ex-congressmen and insurance companies gone astray, were it not that they roughly solicit food of their victims, in place of softly soliciting cash. Our American tourist is found in as many varieties as his cousin, the capitalist, who gets his bread from our flour barrel with more discerning refinement, perhaps, but with less appearance of shame. Judge Davis has seen our great need of more capitalists in jail, and has set about remedying the "eternal softness of things" which is like to destroy our confidence in all fraternities.

In the brotherhood of tramps we have the devout, the sacrilegious, the truly thankful, and the truly unthankful, the wildest, the acute, the weak-witted, the suppliant, the bold commandant, the thieving and the murderous, none of whom like to pass our doors without giving suitable notice.

The devout, who fervently God-blesses you, and tows his bread and butter in the dirt before he leaves the yard; is, perhaps a little more tantalizing than the sacrilegious, who eats his slice, and sweats at you and yours meanwhile.

Then, there is the "crazy woman," who pays per official visits, and mumbles and grumbles her wants and griefs in language past finding out. Such a specimen, having wandered about our neighborhood for several weeks, and having called on us frequently in the meantime, recently expressed her fixed desire to make a permanent resting place of our home. We graciously held out to her honeyed accounts of the well-ordered institution located at Mt. Nebo, where the weary can find rest; but "No, no," she answered, in response to our flattering allusions to the excellent home our generous town provides—"no, no; I've been there; it's no home for me; they'll throw me into the water—they said they'd throw me into the water!"

We insisted they would not; she insisted they would, and still repeating her favorite expression—"they'll throw me into the water if I go there," she accepted the food we proffered, and wended her way over our majestic hills, to the eastward, we hoped to return no more; but the late improvements our wide-awake selectman has made in the roads of our locality, together with our unsurpassed natural scenery, seem to possess a singular charm for her disordered mind.

And, yet, our tramps impart a certain liveliness to our rural by-ways which we shall miss when Winter calls them to their firesides, their somewhat neglected families, and their office-chairs. Our unused front door bells, our accumulations of silver and fine linen, and our empty lodging-houses, will not unpleasantly remind us of our departed Summer friends who loved to linger with us, and partake freely of our hospitality and our household treasures.

## EASTERLY.

THANKSGIVING IN SOUTH BRITAIN.

Blessed be the man who invented Thanksgiving! But why can't we have it in pleasant weather? The idea of giving thanks when November is in mourning for the departed Summer, her eyes swimming in tears, liable to burst out crying any moment! But it is Yankee invention calculated for the latitude and longitude of New England, the land of pumpkin pies, and timed to come off when pumpkins are yellow and turkeys are ripe. Why cannot our legislature change the time? Legislators now-a-days do wonders in the way of reform. Let them put Fourth of July over into November and give us Thanksgiving in the Summer. We could be more thankful. They have changed the time for their annual legislative deliberations. They used to meet in dead time, recognizing fish as good brain food, especially for legislators; but they now sit in *estrange* season and expect to "Act" more wisely on a stronger diet, so that their successors will not have to "Act in alteration of an Act."

Speaking of Turkey and the war reminds us that an engagement took place recently in South Britain where the Turks were strongly posted but they were worsted. A party "gathered at the river" and celebrated Thanksgiving in a good old-fashioned way at the residence of Mr. Monroe Post at Bennett's Bridge, Southbury. South Britain and Danbury were represented and a good enjoyable time was had. The occasion was one

requiring skill in generalship, but our friend Monroe and his good help were equal to the occasion. The commissary department especially was admirably administered. The Turks in number nearly equalled their enemies, and for a short time withstood the onset of the enemy bravely, but finally succumbed to superior skill and were gobbled up.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, these Yankee turkeys are getting to understand what they are getting to. There is more in their little noddles than you would suppose. South Britain turkeys are smart. They know Thanksgiving means no good to them. When the guests were arriving there were a few surviving turkeys with sorrow-marred countenances tiptoeing around in the yard with their eyes peeled for what was going on, and seeing the hungry look of the new arrivals, and knowing it boded evil, turned quickly on their heels, and exclaiming "quit!" "quit!" ran and hid themselves and kept ably until the battle was over.

Now, seriously, since we are on the subject I will tell you what did happen, and it is no figure of speech; there are living witnesses in good and regular standing to attest the fact. It was on a former similar occasion. On the day after Thanksgiving as a party not yet fagged out were quietly discussing an ex-Thanksgiving dinner, a bevy of turkeys came timidly up at the back window, and raising up on their toes looked cautiously in the window and seeing the slaughter still going on "quit!" suddenly and dropped their heads, and with their necks pointing at an angle of forty-five degrees made quick time up the hills back of Bennett's Hill and hid behind a clump of bushes.

The same subject was continued the next day at South Britain and much choice matter was dispatched by Adams' Express; and in the evening and the following day it was concluded at the house of Mr. S. W. Peat, who, by the way, is suffering under a decree of banishment from his comfortable home by a vote of the people of the Fifth Senatorial District. Notwithstanding the vote was a decided one we believe him to be an innocent man. His heart is as big as all-out-doors and as warm as sunshine, and he is disposed to look on the bright side and will go into banishment with philosophical resignation.

On the whole the accounts of Turkey were thoroughly posted for a twelve-month at least.

DAN BERRY.

## HOOBY.

The slaughter of hogs, for two weeks past, has been very great, and some of them are very fine. We judge so, at least from a sample sent us by Mr. Norman B. Glover, who remembered us with a splendid piece of spare-rib.

Mr. Albert Fairchild, of Taunton, bought a pig of Mr. T. J. Crouchley, last May, and butchered it Dec. 4th. Its weight turned the beam at 370 pounds.

## THE NEWTOWN TURNPIKE COMPANY.

"At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newtown Turnpike Company, held yesterday at the Sterling House, the following officers were elected: Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Sanford, Newtown; Directors, Simeon B. Peck, Newtown, Aaron Sanford, Newtown, Theodore A. Mallet, Trumbull; Agent, Aaron Sanford. The receipts for the past year were about the same as usual, while the expenditures for repairs and improvements were much larger. The work on Ox Hill cost \$350. There was no dividend declared. A good dinner was enjoyed after the business meeting."—Standard

## MASONIC.

The annual convocation of Hiram Chapter, No. 1, will be held in the Masonic Hall, Sandy Hook, Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, sharp. We are requested to say, as this meeting is for the purpose of electing officers, a full attendance is desired.

## AN IMPOSTOR.

A man about thirty-five years of age, tall, stout, with a marked Italian accent, is going through our county seeking admission to the pulpits of our Churches as a Waldensian Evangelist, collecting funds for the Waldenses. He has a bundle of letters purporting to be from leading clergymen of all denominations, and among them one signed "Howard Crosby, Chancellor M. Y. University." Dr. Crosby, under date of Dec. 4th, 1877, says "The man is an impostor. Catch him if you can. I have written no letter for any Waldensian."

Let ministers and Churches be on their guard.—Housatonic Ray.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is the list of letters remaining in the Newtown Post Office Nov. 12:

William R. Jennings, Patrick Kernan, Charles T. Morrison, Martha Jane Morrison, J. E. Townsend, I. D. Taylor, Alice Williams, Hayward Smith, H. B. Beardsley, James Hayes, Johanna Keating, Patrick Lyons, Lawrence Lilla, Martin Lilla, G. T. Peckham, Mrs. Katie Quay, E. O. Sperry.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "advertised." Z. S. PECK, P. M.

## LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Services in the Congregational church, next Sunday evening.

Dr. F. N. Bennett has a new sign outside of his office.

Mr. Augustus Warner, of Chicago, arrived in town last evening.

Mrs. Jabez Mead, has been visiting her friends in Middletown, N. Y., the past week.

The Norwalk Eagle enters upon its second volume this week. It is an excellent paper, and we wish it success.

Mrs. Edward Taylor, wife of the popular proprietor of the Sandy Hook Hotel, has been quite sick for several days.

Tonight Rev. J. P. Hoyt will receive a call from his many friends, and as it is the annual donation visit, we trust that there will be a full attendance.

At the school meeting last Tuesday night a vote was taken to lay a tax to pay for repairs. Geo. W. Stuart, Esq., was elected collector.

Remember the services to be held tomorrow evening, at the Taunton chapel, Preaching by Rev. J. L. Darsie, at 7 o'clock P. M.

Some miserable thief has been stealing chickens from Mr. Booth Hawley, for weeks past. On Saturday night he lost a bag of meal.

The hunters of Sandy Hook are having better success. The one named after one of the apostles lagged four as hand-some partridges, the other day, as ever drummed.

Selectman Mitchell has a large corps of men at work, repairing Glen Ave., and rebuilding the bridge near Post-tack schoolhouse, making it wider. It will be a good job.

Mr. Marcus C. Hawley had some parsnips dug out of his garden, last Saturday, one of which measures 13 1/2 inches around it, and is 35 inches long. Who is there among you that can beat this?

A. B. Lockwood, who has opened a boot and shoe shop back of Sanford & Hawley's store, has an advertisement that all of our readers are requested to read.

An "old soaker," says if you will put the juice of a lemon in your whiskey you will never have the "trements." A surer way is to let the whiskey alone entirely.

The town clerk's office has been put in to excellent condition. The plaster from the ceiling has been taken down, and in place of it there is a neat board ceiling. Mr. Peck likes to keep things in shape.

A dog was shut up in the Congregational church, it is supposed, on Thursday night last, and his howling on Saturday attracted the attention of a gentleman, who procured a key and let the prisoner out.

Mr. W. L. Flynn, of 339 Main st., Bridgeport, has a new advertisement in this issue, which our readers would do well to heed. Mr. Flynn keeps a large stock of goods, that he sells at reasonable prices.

See the new advertisement of Geo. W. Norton, in this week's issue, and then call and examine his large stock of hats and children's hats. Look for the handsome display of hats to be found in Bridgeport at No. 313 Main street.

There have been three new boilers received at the lower rubber factory, and they will be put into position immediately. It is the intention of the company to put one new boiler in the upper rubber factory, in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Smith were introduced by telegraph, last week, of the serious illness of Mrs. Smith's mother, at her home in South Adams, Mass., and they went immediately to see her. Last night, Mr. Smith returned Monday noon.

Mr. Rutles, of Taunton, has contracted to paint the additions added to the store and factory of Messrs. Curtis & Son, of Berkshire. This firm has made extensive improvements, recently. Two large boilers were received by them last week, and will soon be in operation.

Some mischievous person, or persons, played a very annoying trick upon Gov. Redstone, in Sandy Hook, Friday night, by tying his reins up in such a manner that he was much hindered in getting them straight. The Gov. is rather displeased at this kind of amusement, and thinks it is rough.

Mr. Wm. R. Leland, of Sandy Hook, has opened an Oyster saloon, where the lovers of the bivalves can have them served up in any style or quantity that they desire. We tried a stew, and it was certainly a nice one. The oysters were large and fat, and unlike those usually put in stews.

Quox, an Eastern correspondent writes that a newly-married couple were treated to a midnight serenade, a short time since, by the Eastern Boiler Band. The ceremonies were opened by the firing off of a cannon, placed in close proximity to the sleeping apartment of the happy pair. The gentleman arose, saw what the trouble was, and invited the band in, and gave them a supper, after which the serenaders returned home, highly pleased with their visit.

A meeting was held in the vestry of Trinity church, Monday evening and the following ladies and gentlemen were appointed a committee on designs, and to superintend the tying of the greens. Misses Anne Sanford and Florence S. Glover, Messrs. Fred P. Marble, and John F. Griffin, all members of the congregation, are requested to gather the ground vine this week, and meet each evening next week, at 6:30 P. M., in the vestry, to tie the wreaths.

A young man about town, who had been "sparking" until a late hour, (3 o'clock A. M.) leaving his horse "out in the cold," while he enjoyed the paradise within, reluctantly "tore himself away," with the usual adieu. Upon reaching his father's hay mow, to get hay for the long-waiting and hungry horse, he fell over a tramp, and then rolled off the mow, hastily closed the door, and left his horse to ponder on the inhumanity of man, until morning.

Raccoon hunting in the vicinity of Zoar Bridge, is very interesting. We learn that the young man staying with Mr. H. Loveland, has a dog that can tree as many coons as any dog in town. The boys have taken twelve with him this

fall. The coon that felt himself safe on a white wood in "stopping swamp," was shaken off by the owner of the said dog, and after a good deal of snapping and biting he lay down and died. The tree is on the "Berry Farm," and is fifty feet to the first limb. It is worth a coon, to climb it.

The closing lecture by Prof. Sedgwick was given Thursday night, and, like all the others that we have attended, it was excellent. We regret that these lectures have not been better attended. The views were beautiful, and the Professor's description of them very interesting and instructive. Those who have attended the lectures speak very highly of them, and we trust that when Prof. Sedgwick comes again he will meet with better success. There has been one thing rather discouraging, during the whole course, and that is that the weather has been bad nearly every night that they were given.

## Correspondence

### Southbury.

The Seymour Praying Band visited our town last Sabbath. They are deserving of more than a passing notice, especially their youthful appearance. One could not very well help admiring the earnestness and simplicity they manifested in serving the cause upon which they have entered. Christians of all denominations should aid them with their prayers and words of encouragement.

Our town is showing more life than usual. We now have two societies, one in Southbury, which met last week at Mr. Frederick Keeney's. The evening passed very pleasantly, as dancing was the order of the exercises. Many hearts were made happy. It is said that dancing is coming into fashion, and will soon become quite popular.

The Lyceum was well attended last Friday evening. Reading by R. S. Hinman, of Oxford. Same question continued this week.

### Brookfield.

"Can you tell us where our Bomble Bee is? Is the weather so cold that he huddleth no more?"

That was quite a speech for him to make, in the BEE. I didn't suppose him capable of so much wind; but to give a rough guess, I think he has "gone where the woodbine twineeth." If you can inform us of his whereabouts you will oblige one of your readers much.

Brookfield is very quiet. No bees around gathering honey—cause why, there is no honey to gather.

A refreshment saloon has been opened in the house opposite to the depot, at the Junction, by Mr. Seth Stevens.

The depot at Brookfield Junction has been put into a little better condition for the accommodation of the patrons of the Housatonic road. Two large lamps will be placed in position at each end of the depot building, which will prove a great convenience to the traveling public. A little more light around the Hawleyville depot would not be a disadvantage, especially at the Shopping depot. A gentleman walked off of the platform, at this depot, and got fearfully doused with mud, besides making a narrow escape from injury, Wednesday night, Dec. 5th during the storm. It was a fearfully dark night, and without light it was dangerous to walk.

Will write more next time; but you will see that "Brutus" has not slain

CÆSAR.

### Danbury.

And now the talk is about a new opera house.

Our library edifice does not grow very fast this cold weather.

The semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent at the Danbury National Bank.

Uncle Tom's Cabin at the opera-house wound up the Thanksgiving festival.

The Harry Bloodgood troupe were at the opera-house last Tuesday evening.

Thanksgiving turkeys were unusually cheap. The price ranged from 10 to 16 cents a pound.

A kerosene lamp exploded in Steven's market a few evenings since, and business was brisk for a few minutes. Only slight damages.

The fifth entertainment of the Popular Lecture Course will be by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore on Friday evening, Dec. 21st Subject, "Harriet Martineau."

A very remarkable event occurred here a few days since. A Miss Wilkinson, of this place, who had been somewhat indisposed, and was under the care of Dr. J. H. Benedict, ejected a live lizard four or five inches in length from her stomach. The reptile has been placed in flatted's drug store for public examination. Miss W. while out in the country last Summer, drank from a spring, and thought at the time that she swallowed something strange with the water.

The entertainment Friday evening, at the Opera House, under the management of Mr. L. L. Hubbell, was decidedly interesting. Misses Nella F. Brown and Helen Mar White made their first appearance before a Danbury audience, and at the close of the readings and recitations we heard many express their high appreciation of the talent exhibited. It was pronounced the best entertainment of the kind ever given in Danbury. Manager Hubbell merits the patronage of the public, and his efforts to please are highly appreciated.

## New Music Selected and Recommended

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## SONGS.

Sailor's Grave, Arthur Sullivan

F. A. A. Extra fine song. Price, 25c.

Farwell, Graham

Soprano or tenor in F Contralto, or Baritone in E. A. Price, 25c.

Happy Little Maiden, J. L. Gilbert

Very pretty little ballad. Price, 25c.

Nobody's Darling but Mine, Danah

One of Danah's best efforts. Price, 40c.

Haunting Eyes, J. R. Thomas

Balied in Mr. Thomas's most pleasing style. Price, 40c.

The Haft, Geo. Fager

Five descriptive song for Baritone. Price, 40c.

Take this Letter to My Mother, Wm. S. Hays

One of the most popular songs of the day. Price, 40c.

Gathering Shells from the Sea shore, Will Thompson

ORDER SUCCESS—One firm alone, in Chicago, ordered 10,000 copies. Price, 40c.

Sunny Eyes of Old, Emma Leslie

Very fine song. Price, 40c.

Sweet Birds, George Parry

A very elegant song, companion to "Little Robin tell Kitty I'm Coming." Price, 25c.

## QUARTETTES.

The Lost Ship, C. A. White

Mixed or male voices. Price, 60c.

With the Tide, C. A. White

Mixed or male voices. Price, 60c.

Welcome To-night, White

Mixed or male voices. Price, 35c.

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Mixed or male voices. Price, 35c.

The Fairy Boat, Forrester

Price, 50c.

Shine Out, Stars, Dudley Buck

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Love's Golden Days, C. D. Blake

Price, 75c.

Every Quartette in America should order all of the above for Concerts, Festivals, serenades or Parties.

## INSTRUMENTAL.

Autograph Waltzes, Strauss

Are the most popular waltzes of the day, 1 new, 75c.

Engagement Waltzes, Strauss

Should be purchased by every pianist. Price, \$1.00.

Fall River Line March, C. D. Blake

Five march for piano or cabinet organ. Price, 40c.

Soldier's Return, Morceau de Salon, Weber

For piano. Excellent piano piece, not very difficult. Price, 50c.

The Little Shepherdess, E. D. Wilson

Exceedingly bright and pretty, in the style of "The Shepherd Boy." Price, 50c.

Bird of the Forest, Carl Leduc

Nice summer piece. Price, 50c.

Night in June, Wilson

One of those fine, dreamy Reveries in which Wilson excels. Price, 50c.

The Morris Dances, Wilson

Characteristic piece for piano; one of the "Danbury New Man's" favorites. Price, 50c.

Grand Festival March, Sudd

Played by the celebrated D. S. M. Band, Watertown. Price, 50c.

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